THE AERONAUT.

No 93. August 20. 1817

In a former number we inserted an imitation of the first satire of Horace. In the present we shall give our readers a close translation of the second, from the same hand. No liberty has, as we believe, been taken with the original. This will we hope prove an a-

apology for some baldness in the language, and much coarseness in the versification.

TO LOLLIUS.

While, noble Lollius, you declaim at Rome
From Fop's Historian, in my Latian home
Again have I perused that deathless band,
Who points us, what to shun, and what to
gaind,
Shews better what is fair, and what is bad,
Than Stoic stern or Academic race.

Hear, if at leisure why. In that high song,
Where Greeks and Phrygians war so fierce
and long,
For one man's passion, is the madness told
Of stupid kings, who lead a stupid fold.
Antenor would lop off the cause of strife,
Paris denies it can be; for his wife
He opens a throne secure, a peaceful life.
Old Nestor labours that the fiend may cease,
Between Achilles and the Lord of Greece.
Love rules the last, both ire and madness
lead,
And while the princes rave, the subjects bl

Sedition, fraud, crime, lust and anger, all
Are raging round and in the leaguèrd wall.

Again, example proud, in Homer's hands,
Of wit and valour, great Ulysses stands.
He, Troy's destroyer, o'er the waste of waves,
The wrath of fate and adverse fortune braves;
And while he guides his comrades home again,
He scann'd the countries and the ways of men.
His, the quick eye, the calculating soul;
The songs of Syrens and the Circean bowl
You well remember; with incautious haste,
Had he or his associates dar'd to taste,
Unmann'd and vile, beneath the harlot's power,
Had they as foulest swine, dragg'd out their
latest hour

We are the many - born to waste the fruit
We reared not; to his wife such made their suit;
Such the Corcyrian youth, their skins to spare,
Who shunn'd the sultry noon's embowering air;
Slumbering supine at day's hot noon, demand
To sooth their sinking frames the minstrel's hand.

For murder, thieves at night from slumber break,
For self-salvation, will not thou awake?

Yield now to slothful leisure, if you please,
Then vainly run, to shake off foul disease.
Call for thy lamp and book, ere morning light,
Or nobler studies bend thy mind full might,
Or midnight-vigils shall behold thee torn
With sickly envy, or with love forlorn.
For why remove so quick away, whate'er
Offends the eye, yet yield another year
To worms that knaw the heart? a work begun
With vigorous will, already is half done.
Dare to be wise! begin! for who defers
The hour of reformation, even appears
Like the poor clown, who sat to watch the tide
Till all the river from its bed should glide—
onward it rolls, and still shall roll to ocean wide!

Man seeks for gold, a sport with heirs to bless,
He bids the plough share tame the wilderness:
Who runs enough, let him desire no more:
Nor dome, nor farm, nor pile of glittering ore
Hath chas'd the fever from the burning vein,
Or driven dark sorrow from the maddening brain!

What charm can wealth ollected yield the breast?
When health, bright-chorus'd is an unbought guest.
Rul'd by desire or fear, can wealth delight?
Can painting please the clouded orb of sight?
Soothe music's voice the ear by deafness stopt?
Pure be the chalice; or it will corrupt
whatever it drinks. Then o'pen gay pleasures chain
That baneful pleasure, dearly bought by pain.

Still avarice wants. Thy wishes then define;
On others' fortunes, see pale envy pine!
No fiercer torment-form'd Tisiphone's stings
Than that from envy's knawing fries that springs!

Who reins not anger, shall too soon repent
Of that which he spends in his passion's vent;
With dark revenge the monarch of his fiend;
Wrath is brief madness. Rule that spirit mad!
He must obey, or it command the soul,
This curb then in, this with strong chains control!

With tender mouth the Jockey breaks the steed,
The path to follow, as his rider bid;
The hound, from youth accustom'd to the scent,
Ranges the wood athwart, on prey intent;

Now, in thy heart yet pure, pure truths receive,
And on the counsel that thy seniors give.
Its recent taste long keeps the tinctur'd vase;
But if you flag, or rush with bolder pace,
For sluggard, tardy steps, I will not wait,
And fire not to outstrip the favourite mate
of fate....

We shall conclude the present number with a communication received from an unknown correspondent.

ELEGY
on the Death of a Young Lady.

And hast thou fled, so silently,
From hopes fair promise, life and light,
Gone to the realms of mystery
From all that makes earth fair and bright?

So swift thy change, so brief thy strife,
In health and beauty's springtide hour,
Scarce can the heart that beats for life
Own the destroying ruthless power!

And still the tear repeated flows,
The unconscious heart-recoils again,
When its dark void affection knows,
When friendship seeks thee, but in vain.

She dreams of thee as blooming yet,
As thou wert-wont, in days that-were;
And gay, as if a partial fate
Its deathless made thy form, as fair!

She looks, and the cold earth conceals
In her impenetrable gloom,
The progress of the power that steals
O'er all the spoiler left-the tomb.

And is this all? She thinks of thee
As pure, as thou wert-gay and fair,
She marks thy parting ecstacy,
And sees the daybeam bursting there!

Full oft, in sacred dreams the heart
Beholds thee, as it lov'd to do
Ere memory tears the veil apart
She views thee then, in colors true.

She wakes; and then, revealed on high,
In faith's ecstatic vision clear,
She sees thee in the opening sky,
All glorious in thy deathless sphere.

For him in vain to fame unknown,
who echoes feint what hearts have felt,
Inspir'd by Sorrow mute and lone
When at thy awful grave she knelt—

Forgive, O sacred shade! the strain,
and teach him, from thy silent home,
That every throb of earth is vain
That kindles not beyond the tomb.

Tell him, that purity and love
and charity unchang'd like thine,
Tho' lit on earth, shall shine above,
Immortal, radiant and divine.

Tell him, that in the awful hour
When tortur'd mistaken hopes must cease
'Tis best like thee to calmly glide
From earth — to part and be at peace.

S